

CYNIC FORTUNE,
By David Christie Murray.
A COMPLETE NOVEL.
DR. DODD'S SCHOOL,
By James L. Ford.
A STORY FOR BOYS.
IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
PRICE ONE CENT.

The

EVENING WORLD

End of the Mars Business.
Arthur Brisbane, enlightened by
Astronomer Garrett P. Serviss, takes
Mars from the beginning of our ac-
quaintance with him, and makes him
easy for every one to understand.
PRICE ONE CENT.

"Cynic Fortune," by David Christie Murray, in To-Morrow's Sunday World.

TO-MORROW,
Sunday, August 14.

The SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow will print all the news, which no other paper will do, and will present it all in a shape far more attractive than that displayed by such fractions of the world's news as may come to the knowledge of thin-blooded contemporaries. This alone makes it important for everybody to get THE WORLD. In addition to the news and to the editorials which reflect the deep wisdom and light-hearted gaiety of thoughtful men, the SUNDAY WORLD always prints a great deal of excellent matter to cheer and enlighten the tens of thousands of readers who on one day of the week only can find time to sit down at their leisure and feed their minds. Everybody knows so well by this time the superiority of THE WORLD's distinctive news features that this column is reserved for the imparting of detailed information concerning the other elements that go to make up the greatest Sunday newspaper.

It is difficult to give a comprehensive idea of a publication which is itself so comprehensive and broad that the average sized mind fails to grasp more than a small part of it.

CYNIC FORTUNE.
Simply as one of its features the SUNDAY WORLD will print complete this very interesting novel, by David Christie Murray, of fifty thousand words. It constitutes an additional supplement to the SUNDAY WORLD in fact, and is a regular form, and may be read as conveniently to be read during the week.

DR. DODD'S SCHOOL.
This is an excellent story for boys, written by James L. Ford. Its publication will begin in the SUNDAY WORLD, on the child's page, to-morrow. It will not be printed complete, for no boy in five, summer weather, with green apples and other things to attend to, or should be allowed to devour an entire long story at one time. It is a good, wholesome story for boys, containing an interesting and instructive moral. All boys will want to read it.

ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN SUNDAYS.
Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, whose career has caused the press of this land to use up all the synonyms for an eventful life, has a happy home in his childhood, and as a souvenir of that happy home wants the World's Fair closed on Sundays. The said boyhood home is illustrated in the SUNDAY WORLD. Mr. Quay, a small, single-bellied, red-capped preacher, is now living in a house on the corner of the fair, and is a great favorite with all the foreigners who behold and admire our American Sunday. Mr. Quay, the eminent artist, with his thrilling pictures, shows what a changeable thing the American Sunday is. He shows us the Sunday in the Puritan home, the Sunday in the Southern gloom, and the different kind of a Sunday which prevails in Chicago, Coney Island, etc. His illustrated thoughts are worthy of profound attention.

THE OTHER SIDE.
Helen Waterman, writing for the SUNDAY WORLD, proves clearly that no one has a right to be seen on the elevated railroad with a baby unless she can plead as an excuse battle, murder, sudden death, or a trip to Coney Island. She points out the fact that the baby is a woman who hand refuses to be taken to the streets at a time when the father is not at all where they are going to heaven or in the other direction. She depicts the overdoing of physical culture and in various ways argues against the well-meaning mistakes that men and women, especially the latter, are constantly making.

THE FACTS ABOUT MARS.
After the appearance of this article the very much overdone planet will probably be permitted for a while to pursue the even tenor of its long journey, free from popular comment. Readers of the SUNDAY WORLD will be very grateful to Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the ablest astronomer of these parts, who very politely pours out his wisdom and enables Arthur Brisbane to tell just exactly how the Mars business began long ago, where it is now, and what has been achieved by all the recent studying. Many persons who do not know the difference between a planet and a fixed star, and who have been embarrassed by the questions of their offspring, and many young men in college whose wisdom has failed to rise to the occasion when the Mars discussion came up, may read this article and be as wise as anybody.

A GOOD NEW SONG.
Albert Chevalier, the English music hall man, who writes and sings the best popular songs at this moment, has just given birth to a new article entitled "The Only Just About So Light." The music and words are printed complete, with a picture of the distinguished Mr. Chevalier. The song should appeal very widely to American sympathies. It tells of a boy named John, though only about so "light" meaning about three feet six, and who "treats his parents in a very off-hand way."

YORKVILLE BELLE'S TOILET.

J. J. Eakin, who knows more than any other writer in New York what a horse thinks and what goes on in the racer's heart, will tell in the SUNDAY WORLD of the pride and fall of the great racing mare, describing her haughty ways before the race, very closely resembling the ways of a young woman preparing for a ball, and her dejected rubbing down after Montana has beaten her.

THE CITY OF DOLLS.
Neil Nelson has been to Sonneberg, and has studied the youngsters who earn their living by making dolls and who hate the bogus babies with the deep hatred that an American youngster feels for a slate or a geography.

It would take up too much room to tell in detail about all the instructive and entertaining features which the SUNDAY WORLD has prepared for this issue. The greatest difficulty which the editors have to contend with is to find room in the forty-two broad pages for all that the army of World writers have prepared. One very brilliant writer in a tale headed "The Animals Melt," describes the sufferings of the king of beasts and other Central Park quadrupeds in the hot weather. Another with a turn for statistics has looked up the families of rich men and gives interesting facts concerning them, and the number of their children. Mr. John Kendrick Bange reveals the humor of the week in an article in which the most clever pictures and jokes, foreign and domestic, are reproduced. The SUNDAY WORLD also tells the story of the "Black Crook" of 1866, describes a man with arms as strong and useful as an ordinary man's legs, tells of a well-pleased gentleman who was provided with an aluminum nose, presents a brilliant page for women which all men should read, one for men especially which will interest many women, and a third for children.

For your own sake get a copy of the SUNDAY WORLD, and by all means order it in advance.

BOMBARDED WITH MUD.
Soldiers at Coal Creek Annoying Citizens to Make Sport.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 13.—Sensational reports come from Coal Creek regarding the conduct of Tennessee's standing army. The citizens claim that the soldiers are watching and they have assumed an aggressive attitude.

They charge that the soldiers amuse themselves by firing at the citizens, and that they have caused all the fire and caused a great loss to farmers on this side. The governor of Tennessee is now at El Paso for the purpose of conferring with United States officers about the matter.

DISPUTE OVER WATER RIGHTS.
Americans Claim that Mexicans Monopolize the Rio Grande's Flow.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
ARIZONA, Aug. 13.—Gov. Hogg was yesterday advised of a rather odd dispute going on between citizens of the United States and of Mexico along the Upper Rio Grande.

It regards the equitable rights of each to the water from the river for purposes of irrigation. The Americans say that the Mexicans have caught all the flow and caused a great loss to farmers on this side. The governor of California is now at El Paso for the purpose of conferring with United States officers about the matter.

DIXON IN MISSISSIPPI.
Expects Peter Jackson to Second Him in His Coming Fight.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 13.—George Dixon, the champion bantam, has gone to his training quarters at Kennedy's place, in Biloxi, Miss. Before he left he sent a cablegram to Peter Jackson, telling him of the kind treatment he received.

Bacon, who Jackson doubtless will arrive here in time to see the three nights, and would second him. Dixon has gained several pounds, and now weighs 115 pounds.

BROUGHT HOME FOR BURIAL.
Body of Dr. Llewellyn J. Evans, of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
The steamer Alaska, from Liverpool, which due here to-morrow, will bring the body of Dr. Llewellyn J. Evans, who died at Bala, Wales.

Dr. Evans was a Professor for thirty years in Lane Seminary at Cincinnati. His body will be taken to Cincinnati to be placed in a vault, where it will remain until the arrival in about a fortnight of Mrs. Evans and her son, who are still in Wales. It will then be interred.

POLITICAL POTBOUILL.
The Custom House cartoonists who are employed by the Revenue Service and who are given government contracts have had an opportunity to show their skill in the drawing of the figures of the various political parties.

SUCCESSFUL.
Are the advertisers that use WORLD Post-Cards to send their advertisements to THE WORLD. Have you used them yet?

LAST EDITION.

HERE'S A NEW CLUE.

Were the Bordens Murdered by Revengeful Sailors?

They Had Been Witnesses Against a Ship's Mutilous Crew.

Men Injured by Their Testimony Said to Have Been in Fall River.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
LYNN, Mass., Aug. 13.—The Lynn Item will today publish a story stating that Andrew J. Borden, of Fall River, gave the principal testimony that convicted the ring-leaders in the nutting on the schooner Richard J. Borden while on the voyage from a foreign port to this country that he and his wife were on the vessel; that his testimony in the courts was declared by the sailors to be false and exaggerated, and that the men who suffered by it vowed vengeance against him.

Most, if not all of them, have been released, and it is submitted that several of them were in Fall River at the time of the murder. Fall River, Mass., Aug. 13.—The reaction in the Borden case has set in, and to-day the popular feeling is noticeably quiet. There is very little violent discussion going on in the street, and what few cases were seen were the outgrowth of hard expressions against the imprisoned girl.

Three days ago it was the popular cry that Miss Lizzy was a criminal, and should be placed behind prison bars. To-day, although the District Attorney and Judges have passed their opinions on the evidence, there are many thoughtful and influential men who believe a trial will substantiate Miss Borden's protestations of innocence.

There is now but one policeman at the Borden household, and he is doing patrol duty on the street to prevent curious people from annoying the family. The police have recommended their regular patrol duty, and only three men are hunting up further evidence of the murder.

MYSTERY AT LONG BRANCH.
A Man Found Dead on the Beach Clad in a Bathing Suit.
(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 13.—The body of a man clad in a bathing suit was found lying on the sand in front of the Atlantic Hotel early this morning.

The victim was about five feet nine inches in height, weighing 140 pounds, with light complexion and sandy mustache, and probably thirty-two years of age. An ugly wound over his right eye made the case look suspicious.

No clothes to identify the man by were found, and no one was seen near the beach when he was found. No one about the beach had seen the man before.

BRIGHTON BEACH ENTRIES.
(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
BRIGHTON BEACH RACE TRACK, Aug. 13.—Following are probable starters for Monday:
First Race.—Six and a half furlongs, selling.
Hippocampus 100, Dandy Woodcock 100, Little Jack 100, Noddy 100, Tug 100, North River 100.
Second Race.—Five furlongs, selling.
Sandwich 100, Noddy 100, Hippocampus 100, Little Jack 100, Tug 100, North River 100.
Third Race.—Seven furlongs, selling.
Temple 100, Hippocampus 100, Little Jack 100, Noddy 100, Tug 100, North River 100.
Fourth Race.—Five furlongs, selling.
Hippocampus 100, Little Jack 100, Noddy 100, Tug 100, North River 100, Hippocampus 100.
Fifth Race.—Six and a half furlongs, selling.
Hippocampus 100, Little Jack 100, Noddy 100, Tug 100, North River 100, Hippocampus 100.
Sixth Race.—Five furlongs, selling.
Hippocampus 100, Little Jack 100, Noddy 100, Tug 100, North River 100, Hippocampus 100.

Will Plead His Cause at Rome.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13.—Father Kuhlman, whose suspension by the Bishop of Alton has created such a sensation, will present his side of the case to Rome. He will leave for the Eternal City the first of the coming week, and he does not know what he is accused of, nor who his accusers are.

A Duel After the Dance.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
MONTROSE, Aug. 13.—At a dance in Whitehall, about two miles from here, Will Weatherly and a young man named Danter had a quarrel about a girl. After the dance the quarrel was renewed, and Weatherly drew a pistol and shot Danter in the chest. Danter returned the shot, killing Weatherly instantly.

New West Shore Passenger Station and Ferry at the Foot of Franklin.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
The new West Shore passenger station and ferry at the foot of Franklin st., North River, is about completed and will be open for passenger traffic Monday, Aug. 18. The ferry and passenger building will be transferred to Franklin st. on the above date.

Neil Nelson in Dollidom.
Buy the SUNDAY WORLD and read Neil Nelson's fine article on the doll-makers of Sonneberg. The little Sonnebergers' keenest enjoyment is in making a doll, and a girl who has dropped from a modeler's cart, taking her by the heels and dashing her brains out over the cobblestones.

OUR LILLIAN IS HOME.

The Queen of Light Opera Returns on the City of New York.

She Looks Beautiful, Well and Happy, as Usual.

Her New Play, "The Mountebanks," Will Open in San Francisco Sept. 5.

The Italian liner steamship City of New York, steamed up to Pier 64 at the foot of Christopher Street, North River, this morning, with a brand new record and 583 deck lighted passengers on board.



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.
She left Queenstown last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and arrived at Sandy Hook at 11 o'clock this morning, completing her passage from Dublin's Rock Light in just 5 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes, or 35 minutes faster than her previous best record of 5 days, 21 hours and 14 minutes.

There was a popular rumor among the passengers that the New York's fast trip was due largely to the presence on board of a mascot, in the person of Miss Lillian Russell, the actress, who was returning from her summer vacation in London.

Capt. Arthur W. Lewis was too gallant to deny that Miss Russell's presence had been an inspiration to the big ship to do some record-breaking, but one of the old men, who was very jolly than gallant, allowed that the New York's fast trip was due solely to the overhauling she had experienced on the dry dock at Liverpool, where the ship was scraped and repainted and put into shape for an attempt at equalling or exceeding, if possible, the record made by her sister ship, the City of Paris—5 days, 15 hours, 58 minutes.

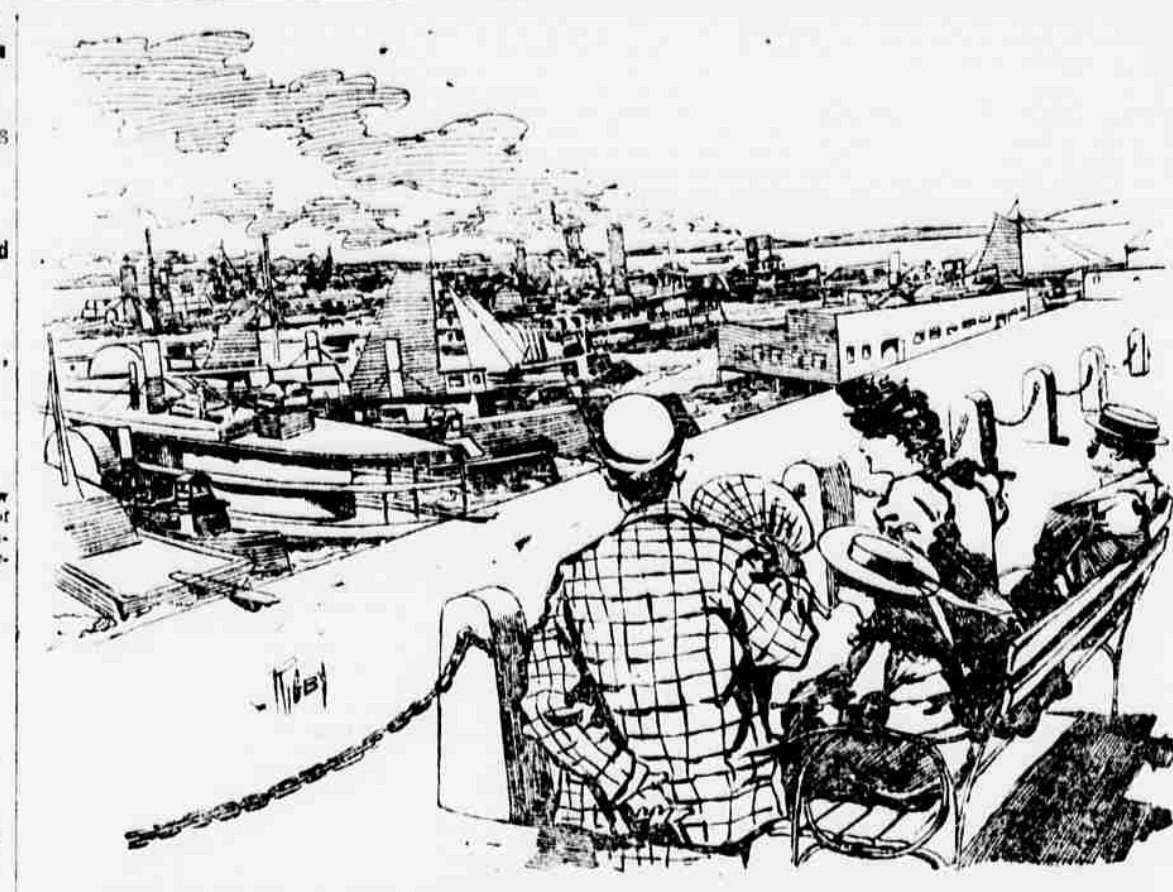
But whatever was the direct cause of her fast trip, everybody on the New York from Capt. Lewis down to the cabin boys was feeling in unusually good spirits. No accidents or incidents had occurred to mar the pleasure of the voyage, which had been thoroughly enjoyable throughout.

Purser Thomas Kinney was especially enthusiastic over the New York's trip, which had been made, he said, in the face of persistently contrary winds and head seas. Altogether the ship had travelled 2,780 hours, or ten knots further than she went on her previous fastest trip in October, 1900. Her best day's run was 500 knots, made yesterday.

An EVENING WORLD reporter boarded the City of New York off Punkinville this morning, just after she left quarantine. The passengers were all at breakfast, but Miss Russell, who was easily the center of attention among all the number, was nowhere to be seen.

The fair song-bird sang at the charitable entertainment held on board last night in aid of the Seamen's Orphanage and Blue Anchor Society, of New York and Liverpool, and was still singing in her stateroom on the starboard side.

Miss Russell's selection was Mattie's "Leave Me Not, Dear Heart," and occasioned considerable comment among her hearers, who, since learning that the fair, airy one had refused an offer of marriage from her suitor, J. H. H. French, had not suspected that Lillian's heart was in danger of leaving her for any one else.



PROPOSED NEW IMPROVEMENTS FOR BATTERY PARK.

World reporter. He met the prima donna as she emerged from her stateroom, fresh from the hands of her maid, and started down the promenade with a jaunty step that betokened perfect health and happiness.

The sun had risen over Long Island shortly before and was flooding the bay with silvery light whose brightness even dispelled the ugly smoke that blew over Staten Island from Jersey's oil refineries. It was a brilliant spectacle, but the queen of light opera was even more radiant.

It wasn't her costume. That was plain and even popular. A navy blue flannel blazer suit, with polka-dot waist and jaunty sailor hat, comprised the costume, and her sole piece of jewelry was a large medallion brooch. Simple enough and even commonplace, it might have been called, but worn by Lillian Russell it became wonderfully attractive.

The moment she appeared on deck she was the observed of all observers, and as she walked along the promenade forward stairs went off in rapid succession. It was plain that Lillian was very popular with her fellow passengers, and even her lady associates smiled a cheery good morning.

But Lillian's smile—that was the secret of it all. As her naturally beautiful features relaxed gently and displayed teeth of which any woman might be proud, the sun himself temporarily retired behind a cloud and called to take a lesson in the true art of smiling.

Lillian was looking well and evidently feeling well. Her ten weeks' vacation had not tended to render her any more syphilitic in form than when her departure cast a temporary gloom over New Yorkers, but the beauty of youth and beauty has taken a firmer grip on her than ever.

"She looks like the moonbeams," said a man who had an enjoyable trip. "Certainly, she had; perfectly splendid. Then she continued: 'I think I shall have my part after all, and I have been frozen all the time I've been in London.'"

"How do I like my new play 'The Mountebanks'?" Oh, very much, very much indeed, excepting my part. The music is very pretty. I think I shall have my part after all, and I have been frozen all the time I've been in London."

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SMALL-POX IN TREMONT.

An Italian Found with the Disease in Its Advanced Stage.

A case of small-pox at 108 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street was reported to the police of the Tremont station this morning. The patient, an Italian laborer, thirty years old, suffering from the disease in its advanced stage, was removed at once and sent to the hospital of North Brother Island. The house was quarantined by the Board of Health.

MARIE TEMPEST HERE.

She Arrives This Morning by the Columbia.

The steamship Columbia, of the Hamburg-American line, arrived at Sandy Hook Light at 2:05 this morning. She sailed from Southampton last Saturday afternoon, making the voyage in six days and seventeen hours. Among the passengers was Miss Marie Tempest.

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

St. Louis to Have a Novel Feature at its Annual Show.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 13.—One of the most attractive features in the illumination of the city during the fair festival will be a large globe which will be erected at the intersection of Broadway and Olive street.

DISCUSSING "UNBELIEF."

Biennial German Evangelical Lutheran Conference.

This morning's session of the Biennial German Evangelical Lutheran Conference was given to a further discussion of "Unbelief."

RAIDED BY CAPT. CROSS.

Forty-one Men Arrested and All Let Go in Court.

Samuel Simon, proprietor of the saloon at 72 Ludlow street, and forty men who were playing cards for money there when the place was raided last night by Capt. Cross, were arrested in Essex Market. They were taken to the police station, but were released after a hearing.

LEVY STILL BLOODTHIRSTY.

He Will Publicly Repeat His Denunciation of the Marquis de Morès.

Corner Levy leaves for Boston to-night, where he will preside to-morrow afternoon at the installation of two new lodges of the Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin. At a reception to follow, the Corner will deliver a lengthy address upon the anti-semitic movement now in progress in France, and will publicly repeat his denunciation of Marquis de Morès.

New Governor of the Chickasaws.

Denison, Tex., Aug. 13.—Jedediah Wolfe has been elected Governor of the Chickasaw nation. Wolfe is a full-blooded Indian and does not speak a word of English. He is believed to have been elected by a large majority.

IMPORTANT TO CIGAR SMOKERS.

The only difference between a Havana cigar and a cheap one is the difference in the quality of the tobacco used in its manufacture.

Neil Nelson in Dollidom.

Read in the SUNDAY WORLD of Neil Nelson's visit to Sonneberg in the Thuringian Forest, whose 12,000 inhabitants, with one or two unimportant exceptions, are engaged in making dolls.

IOWAS OBEY THEIR MESSIAH.

They Have Left the Reservation and May Do Some Ghost Dancing.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
GUTHRIE, O. T., Aug. 13.—The Iowa Indians have left their reservations and have gone to live with their tribal customs. The Otoe Indians say their reason for this is that there has been received by them from the coming Messiah a revelation to the effect that in order to receive the proper consideration from him when he comes they must abandon civilized customs of life and return to old methods.

GOT LOST AND ROWED 220 MILES.

Four Sailors Have a Terrible Experience with Fog and Starvation.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
HARTFORD, S. A., Aug. 13.—Alonso Munroe and James Luskman, of Nova Scotia; George Jessup, of Gloucester, and Andrew Strickland, of Boston, have been landed here by the steamer Lanchester and will be sent to Boston.

NOT USED TO OUR WHISKY.

A Young Welshman Gets Fighting Drunk and Comes to Grief.

A young Welshman named Richard Perry, who had been reared in the Marybone district of Liverpool, was brought up before Judge Grady at the Tombs Police Court to-day, accused of disorderly conduct.

TWO DEAD BABIES FOUND.

One in the Gutter, the Other in the Street.

Patrolman Lawrence L. Harpott, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, found the dead body of a baby lying in the front of 339 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street at 6 o'clock this morning. It was removed to the Harlem Morgue.

Charges Her Brother with Forgery.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
DANBURY, Conn., Aug. 13.—Miss Caroline R. White, worth \$100,000 in her own right, is contesting the will of her father, the late William H. White, which leaves her a legacy of \$50,000 out of an estate valued at \$200,000. There are four other children, one of whom, Daniel L. White, she accuses of having forged the will in question.

Whalen Whipped in Ten Rounds.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 13.—George Collins, of San Francisco, and James Whalen, of Portland, fought before the Tacoma Athletic Club last night for a purse of \$500. Whalen was knocked out in the tenth round.

Great Business Opportunity.

To lease for term of years, four-story building at corner of Park Row and Ann Street, near City Hall.

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CEPHEUS STRANDED.

The Iron Steamboat Struck a Snag Off the Bell Buoy.

Panico-Stricken Passengers Landed at the Coney Island Pier.

Unable to Return, with a Big Hole in Her Starboard, She Was Beached on Norton's Point.

The Cepheus, of the Iron Steamboat Company's fleet, lies stranded on the beach at Coney Island, just inside of Norton's Point, with a big hole in her starboard side a few feet forward of the paddle-box.

She struck a snag on her trip to the Iron Pier early last evening as she was passing the bell buoy, which is about opposite the old West End resort. Her hull was knocked in and two of the forward compartments flooded.

What the nature of the obstruction was has not yet been ascertained, but the snag was enough to create a panic among the 200 passengers on board the Cepheus, and for a time the situation appeared to be very serious.

The force of the blow sent the nose of the steamboat towards the beach, and as she ran a considerable distance before the engines were stopped, her keel scraped along the sandy bottom in such a way that the ship was stuck. The search of the crew, expecting to find a snag, was finally brought to a standstill as she began rocking to and fro in the heavy ground swell.

The passengers were greatly frightened and there was an exciting rush for life-preservers. Women screamed and children began crying, and the men were scrambling about in a panic. The crew, however, kept every moment that the steamer would topple over and dump them all into the surf. They had also been pretty well shaken up by the shock.

A few minutes later a tugboat came to the scene and the passengers were persuaded to leave the ship. The tugboat was not great, as they were only a short distance from shore, and Capt. Charles A. Pearce did his best to reassure them, but with little success for half of them were frightened out of their wits, and the women especially were in a terror-stricken and clinging frantically to their husbands and friends.

All this happened in a moment, but as soon as the pilot had time to collect his senses he sounded the signal to reverse the engines. As the big wheels began to revolve there was a straining and creaking, and in a few moments the steamer began to move slowly. Then she slid backwards and was in deep water again.

She immediately righted and apparently was none the worse for the accident. No time was spent in making an investigation, but Capt. Pearce made at once for the Iron Pier in order to get his passengers ashore as soon as possible.

He was none too prompt in his action, for on the way to the pier the steamer began to list heavily to starboard, and it was found that she was leaking badly. Several of the compartments were reported to be rapidly filling with water.

Within ten minutes after the accident the Cepheus was made fast to the pier and the frightened passengers hurried ashore, thankful to have escaped with their lives. They fortunately did not know that the Cepheus had been stove in and was leaking, or they would have been still more frightened.

A hasty examination at the pier showed the big hole in the vessel's side to be some distance below the water line.

Two of the starboard compartments had already filled, and it was feared that if she lay longer in the heavy swell of the sea more damage would be done. So Capt. Pearce decided to back her up to the pier at once, and during the time the two other compartments which were still intact to keep the steamboat afloat till she reached the pier.

No passengers were taken aboard, and the only persons on the Cepheus when she started back about 8 o'clock were her officers and crew, numbering about twenty persons in all.

As the Cepheus left the pier those on shore noticed that she leaned away over to starboard, and that she sank down considerably below her water-line.

INABLE TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK. She had not reached Norton's Point before it was discovered that the water was pouring out of one of the broken compartments into the hold, and by the time the Point was reached, the water had risen to the floor of the boiler room.

The firemen were standing in water, and only a few minutes later the water was up to their chests. Engineer Wright reported that he would be able to work the engines but a few minutes longer, and upon this Capt. Pearce gave the order to beach the steamer at once.

She had rounded the Point by this time and was in the smooth water off the bay. The tug was backed towards the shore and her speed slackened.

In two minutes she scraped bottom again, and then sliding up in the mud and sand, stuck fast with her bow high and dry out of water.

She lies in that position this morning. The stern sank into the mud as the tug gradually tilted and the fire in the furnaces